



Crash



👁️ 10 ✅ 0 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by Magdalene

Intro:

My name is Caroline Elizabeth Barton. Everybody calls me Cocoa, at least, anybody who still remembers me. I am 17 years old and I have been on a remote island for two years. The year is 1991 and when I left the US the president was George Herbert Walker Bush.

Log Entry #1

Time: 01:25

Date: June 11th 1991

I'm alone. Not like the emotional kind of alone like whenever you think the nobody's there for you and they don't love you when they actually do & you think they're not gonna help you at all ... that the people that you love don't like you anymore. But I'm not the kind of alone ... Abandoned but then again I really won't call it abandoned. ... I would call it left behind. see I've on this island and I've been alone for almost two years now. I was in a parents plane & it crashed. I watched my parents die and take their last breath from being severely injured. My mom she stayed alive a little longer than my dad but eventually she left me too. Every electric thing we had in the plane died too. Except I found a cassette tape that would let me record but

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I used to have hope at least. Now I'm giving up. I'm going to do something about staying here. But right now I'm super tired. I had to search for food for another months time since winter is coming soon. But winter isn't that crazy here. It's just storm and hail. I'll update later on. Good night.

Log Entry #2

Time: 10:30

Date: June 14th 1991

Today would've been her birthday. My mother died not too long ago on almost the same day today two years ago. We had flown from the states for her birthday but, obviously, the plane crashed landed us & murder my parents...nice birthday. You know, after landing here all I did for a few months was cry and talk to myself.

I guess I'm doing that again. It's kind of weird to hear your voice after not speaking for almost 2 years. I stopped talking half for safety reasons...sound usually attracted curious things. I hope I'm not doing that now. OK, from now on I'm going to limit my talking because I do not want to bring any unwanted species closer to me. I'll talk again in a few days. Maybe silence will keep them away.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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